THE

Loyal Subjects

LITTANY.

FRom ſawing the Crown 'twixt Phanaticks and Fryars,
From *Whiteball* Scaffolds and *Smithfield* Fires,
From the Jeſuits Morals outdone by the Tryers,
Libera nos Domine.

From every Religion which Treaſon allows,
From the *Geneva* ſtifneſs and the *Roman* bows,
From affronting of God, or adoring of Shows,
Libera nos Domine.

From ſlicing the Pope into Presbyter *John*,
More ſawcy in Conſort than he is alone,
From a Legion of Devils to extirpate one,
Libera nos Domine.

From fermenting the Rout with *Chimærical* fears,
From buying with Blood and enjoying with Tears,
A Liberty copied by that of *Argiers*,
Libera nos Domine.

From being twice chous'd with the ſame ſort of *Cant*,
From defending the King by *Scotch Covenant*,
From reforming the Church till we leave nothing on't,
Libera nos Domine.

From a Bi-fronted Conſcience like the Sign of an Alehouſe,
That faces the Church, and out faces the Gallows,
With one ſide ſtark raw, and the other ſide *Callous*,
Libera nos Domine.

From a Supreme Vicar to ſhackle the King,
From a long round Senate which means the ſame thing,
From a Monk without, and a Devil within,
Libera nos Domine.

From advancing Gods *Church* by ſuch ſins as wo'd fright ye,
From liſting of Rebels to aid the Almighty,
From taking of Rats-bane for *Elixir Vitæ*,
Libera nos Domine.

From the Popiſh rage and the Popular fret,
Which with brotherly Malice their Sov'raign beſet,
From reſcinding Bull, and reforming Bullet,
Libera nos Domine.

From the Lords in the Tower, and the Lords that are out,
From aſſaulting the King by Dagger or Vote,
From our Ruin point blank, or Nine Mile about,
Libera nos Domine.

From the Dark Lanthorn-Plot, and the Green Ribbon Club,
From brewing Sedition in a Sanctified Tub,
From reforming a Prince by the Model of *Job*,
Libera nos Domine.

From the National Wealth by a *Junto* poſſeſt,
By cajoling of one half, and plundering the reſt.
From the Commonwealths Arms with his *Holineſs's* Creſt.
Libera nos Domine.

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